

THRILLING TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE

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SERIE ADVENTURES

DARK MYSTERIES

NO. 2

AUG - SEPT 1951

THE
MONSTER'S
GHOST



VAMPIRE
FANGS
of
DOOM

"Sally's Wedding is next month"

A STORY THAT TELLS
WHAT BROUGHT TOGETHER TWO
PEOPLE WHO MIGHT NEVER
HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE

LET'S face it; Sally was too shy (and too proud) to attract the kind of attention that flatters the female ego. Hers was a problem that has made so many girls and women suffer. To be on the sidelines, to share only in the crumbs instead of the social banquet is indeed hard to bear.

But that wasn't the worst of it. Every human being has the normal right to dream of "the right one for me". Not everyone, however, is willing to gain the spotlight by unusual behavior, or any



action that undermines one's dignity. That was Sally's dilemma. How to attract admirers . . . how to gain popularity without losing the respect of her friends and family.

ONE DAY, Sally learned about Dean Ross and his method of home-study piano playing. After twenty years as a music teacher, Dean Ross came to the conclusion that boring study and piano exercises were not necessary. He believed that most people wanted to play the piano to entertain themselves and their friends. They wanted to play popular music—tunes that could be sung and danced to. On that thought, Dean Ross developed a system that did away with the tiresome work. He made playing the piano the fun it should be.

Sally sent for the Dean Ross piano course that same day. When it arrived, she was delighted. It was so easy, so simple. It was a great thrill to be able to play a song with BOTH hands the very first day, using Dean Ross' patented Automatic Chord Selector. At the next party, Sally was ready. Without a word to anyone about the "magic-like" Dean Ross course, she sat at the piano and began to play!

At that moment a new world opened to Sally . . . a world of happiness and popularity that could never be taken from her. More than that, Sally's playing brought her to the attention of Jim. He turned out to be "Mr. Right". In fact, everything is so right, that all of Sally's friends are spreading the happy news: "Sally's wedding is next month".

YOU, TOO, can play piano with BOTH hands the very first day! Thousands have discovered how to play this fast, easy ABC way. That's a truly amazing fact when you consider that most people who take piano lessons give it up before they have learned to play a familiar melody. The

secret of the Dean Ross Piano Course is that you learn by playing familiar songs with both hands, immediately.

Of course, most beginners can learn to play a simple tune with the right hand. Their problem starts when they try to play the left hand accompaniment. And here is where the Dean Ross Course is better than all the others. All the mystery and disappointment has been removed from piano playing with the invention of the new, Patented, Dean Ross device: the Automatic Chord Selector. You simply place the Automatic Chord Selector on the piano and strike chords with your left hand AT ONCE! It's as though Dean Ross were sitting at your side, guiding your fingers.



U. S. Patent No. 2,473,222

Most people don't expect to become concert pianists. They simply want to play popular and familiar melodies for their own pleasure and to entertain their friends. All this is accomplished with the Dean Ross method . . . without the tiresome drills and boring exercises.

This is no trick method. You actually learn to read notes and play any sheet music. You'll play songs everyone enjoys . . .

from Hit Parade numbers and hymns to beautiful old ballads. You gain ease, assurance and a professional style as you glide through the 30 lessons and 40 songs, each with a special Dean Ross play-at-once arrangement.

Instead of paying the studio charge of \$5 a lesson, you can enjoy the 30 lessons, \$150 worth, in the privacy of your home, for the bargain price of just \$1.98. The Dean Ross Piano Course can open up a whole new world of happiness . . . Now you, too, can be the "hit" of every party . . . the center of attraction wherever you go. Don't delay another minute. Send for the Dean Ross Complete Piano Course, including the Patented Automatic Chord Selector.

YOU HAVE 10 full days to prove to yourself the value of the Dean Ross piano method. When the complete course with its 30 clearly illustrated lessons (worth \$150 at the studio) and 40 favorite songs, together with the patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is delivered, pay postman just \$1.98 plus postage. Try the course for 10 days with the understanding that you must learn to play with both hands, or your full purchase price will be refunded at once. The patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is yours to keep, in any event. You have nothing to lose . . . and popularity and fun to gain, so send for your course today from DEAN ROSS PIANO STUDIOS, Inc., Dept. 1224, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. NOTE: If you send payment with your order, we will pay all postage charges. Same Automatic Chord Selector and Refund Offer, of course.

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THE MONSTER'S GHOST!

BEWARE, ALL YOU WHO DO NOT BELIEVE IN SPIRITS AND GHOSTS! ONCE I, TOO, SCORNFUL ANY MESSAGE FROM THE UNSEEN WORLD. I SPENT YEARS EXPOSING FAKE MEDIUMS AND GHOSTS... I ONCE OFFERED \$5000 REWARD FOR THE SIGHT OF A REAL GHOST.

BAH! ONLY WIRES... TRICKERY. YOUR SPIRITS WERE CLUMSY FAKES!

BRUCE GIBSON, A CURSE ON YOU! SOME DAY YOU SHALL SEE MORE THAN YOUR EYES AND BRAIN CAN STAND! A CURSE ON YOU.

THEN, ONE DAY, WHEN I WAS BIDDING FOR AN OLD DESERTED COUNTRY HOUSE... A HAUNTED HOUSE... A DARK STRANGER WAS BIDDING AGAINST ME...

\$1,000 MORE!

BUY NOT THE HOUSE! IT IS NOT A HOUSE FOR LIFE... BUT FOR DEATH!

AUCTION
SMITH
ESTATE AND
SURROUND-
ING LAND

THE BLACK STRANGER'S WORDS FELL LIKE ICE UPON MY HEART! I ALMOST FELT A STRANGE NEW THRILL! WAS IT... FEAR...? HORROR...?

Help! Help me! While I am still only half-dead, while yet I am only half-ghost, let me tell my tale of terror and horror to you who are still men enough to be all-alive! I am around the world! please help me battle the dark and evil powers of this phantom who was created

THE MONSTER'S GHOST!

I BOUGHT THE HOUSE, AND MOVED RIGHT IN, NOT REALLY BELIEVING IN ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL. I EVEN TAUNTED THE BLACK STRANGER...

VISIT ME WITH SOME GHOSTS TONIGHT. YOU CAN COLLECT A REWARD IF YOU DO.

HE WON'T LAST LONG IN THAT HOUSE!



SOON I SETTLED MYSELF FOR THE NIGHT... WAITING... WAITING...

THE HOUSE IS STILL AS DEATH... AHH... I MEAN IT'S VERY STILL. HMM... WHAT'S THAT?



FROM BELOW ME, IN THE ROOTS OF THE HOUSE, I SEEMED TO FEEL AND HEAR A LOW OMINOUS THROBBING... LIKE BEATING DRUMS...

FAKE GHOST SOUNDS? IF THE GHOSTS WON'T COME TO ME, I'LL GO TO THEM!



SUDDENLY, THE DOOR BURST OPEN, AND I WHO HAD NEVER BELIEVED IN GHOSTS ALMOST LOST MY SENSES AS WHITE AND TRANSPARENT MESSENGERS OF DEATH CROWDED AROUND ME...

I MUST BE DREAMING! THIS CAN'T BE REAL!



WITH THE SPECTRES ALL AROUND ME, THERE CAME A VOICE I KNEW, THE ICY VOICE OF THE "DARK STRANGER" WHO HAD WANTED THIS 'HAUNTED' HOUSE...

YOUR DEATH WILL BE REAL, IF YOU STAY! GO, AND FORGET ALL YOU HAVE SEEN!



MY COURAGE FLOODED BACK INTO ME. THIS DARK STRANGER WAS TO ME ONLY A DISAPPOINTED HOUSE BUYER. I LAUGHED AND LAUGHED... THE SPECTRES VANISHED!

THAT WAS A NICE SHOW! WHAT ARE YOU YOU, AN AMATEUR MAGICIAN?

WOULD YOU DARE VISIT ME... BELOW? I CAN SUMMON A GHOST FOR YOU... A MONSTER'S GHOST! DO YOU... DARE?



WARY, BUT STILL UNAFRAID, I ACCEPTED THAT STRANGE CHALLENGE! AFTER ALL, MY LIFE'S WORK HAD BEEN TO SEEK "REAL" GHOSTS...

DON'T ASK ME WHAT I AM! YOU MAY SOON KNOW...

...IF YOU AREN'T DEAD FIRST... AND FAST IN MY CLUTCHES!



BUT BEFORE THE END OF THE STAIRS, I WAS RUSHED BY EVERY SHAPE AND PHANTOM I HAD EVER READ ABOUT OR IMAGINED!

BEHOLD! MY LOYAL SERVANTS!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! MAYBE I HEAR THEM... BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



I DON'T BELIEVE IN THEM! THEY CAN'T BE TRUE!

MASTER, WE ARE POWERLESS! HIS WILL AND BRAIN DON'T CRACK!



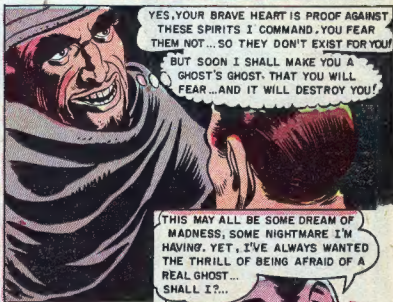
THEN... BEGONE! FLEE TO YOUR GRAVES, YOUR CRYPTS, YOUR DENS!

THEY DRAW BACK! I'M SAFE!



YES, YOUR BRAVE HEART IS PROOF AGAINST THESE SPIRITS I COMMAND. YOU FEAR THEM NOT... SO THEY DON'T EXIST FOR YOU!

BUT SOON I SHALL MAKE YOU A GHOST'S GHOST. THAT YOU WILL FEAR... AND IT WILL DESTROY YOU!



THIS MAY ALL BE SOME DREAM OF MADNESS, SOME NIGHTMARE I'M HAVING. YET, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED THE THRILL OF BEING AFRAID OF A REAL GHOST... SHALL I?...





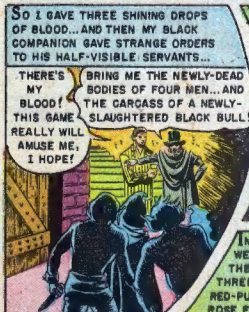
DO YOUR WORST,
DARK STRANGER,
WHOEVER YOU ARE.
PRODUCE YOUR
FAKE GHOST!

TO SUMMON IT...
I NEED THREE
DROPS OF YOUR
BLOOD!



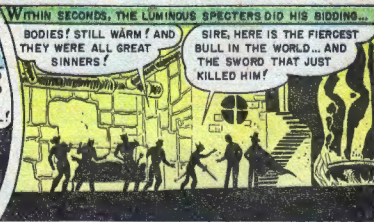
AGAIN I ALMOST FELT A TWINGE OF FEAR... BUT
MY PRIDE AND THE "STRANGER" GOADED ME ON TO
FOLLY!

AFRAID? NOT YOU! NOT THE FAMOUS
GHOST HUNTER, BRUCE GIBSON!
HAHAHAHA!



THERE'S
MY
BLOOD!
THIS GAME
REALLY WILL
AMUSE ME,
I HOPE!

BRING ME THE NEWLY-DEAD
BODIES OF FOUR MEN... AND
THE CARCASS OF A NEWLY-
SLAUGHTERED BLACK BULL!



WITHIN SECONDS, THE LUMINOUS SPECTERS DID HIS BIDDING...

BODIES! STILL WARM! AND
THEY WERE ALL GREAT
SINNERS!

SIRE, HERE IS THE FIERCEST
BULL IN THE WORLD... AND
THE SWORD THAT JUST
KILLED HIM!



JOIN AND MOULD ONE MONSTER'S
GHOST! ALIVE AND DEAD,
SEEN AND UNSEEN!



OUT OF THE CAULDRON ROSE
A BEAST BEYOND ALL HORRIBLE
IMAGININGS!

I DESTROY YOU...
BEFORE YOU CAN LIVE! NOW
YOU ARE A GHOST'S GHOST... A
MONSTER'S GHOST... WITH POWER
TO HUNT ALL LIVING MEN! BE

SEEN AND
UNSEEN!
AND
DESTROY!
DESTROY!

THE MONSTER LIVES AND DIES... THEN HIS GHOST
TAKES SHAPE...

I WAS MADE OF LIFE...
AND RED BLOOD!

I WAS MADE OF DEATH...
DEAD BODIES!

SLOWLY, THE MONSTER JOINED ITS TWO HORRIBLE
BODIES...

FEED ON LIFE AND DEATH!
FEAST AND GORGE!

I HUNGER!
I MUST EAT!

THEN I SAW THE WEIRDEST
FEAST... THE DREADFUL ORGY OF
THE MONSTER'S GHOST...

I FEED ON GHOSTS AND
DEAD SOULS... ON BONES...
ON DEATH!

OOHHH!

OOHHH!

THEN THE
LOATHSOME
GHOST-BEAST
MUST HAVE
SCENTED MY
LIVING BODY OR
SENSED THE LOUD
THROBBING OF MY
HEART...

AHH! I SMELL RED
BLOOD! THE SAME RED
BLOOD THAT MADE ME!

I CRINGED IN
HORROR AS
THE BRUTE-
GHOST SPRANG
TOWARD ME!

I'LL
DEVOUR
YOU!

NOW ARE
YOU AFRAID?
NOW DO YOU
BELIEVE IN...
GHOSTS?





NO, NO! YOU *CAN'T* BE TRUE! YOU MUST BE A FAKE! I'M NOT AFRAID!

YES, YOU ARE AFRAID! AND I'M PARTLY REAL! THREE JUICY DROPS OF YOUR BLOOD ARE IN ME!

UNDER THAT DREADFUL GLANCE...MY NERVE BROKE! I WAS *AFRAID*! I HOWLED IN FEAR AND THEN RAN WILDLY FOR THE STAIRS!

I HAVE WON THE HOUSE! LET HIM GO!

BUT YOUR COMMAND WAS TO DESTROY... TO KILL...

FORGET THAT WEAK FOOL! I HAVE OTHER WORK FOR YOU! SOON THE TWIN WORLDS OF LIFE-AND-DEATH WILL BE OURS! THE EVIL-MAGIC STONE OF LIFE-DEATH IS BURIED... HERE!

THAT'S WHY OUR MASTER HAD TO GET THIS HOUSE!

WE CAN MAKE ARMIES OF MONSTER-GHOSTS FROM THE THREE BLOOD DROPS IN YOU! WE'LL COMMAND THE WORLD!



AS I BURST INTO THE NIGHT AIR, I REMEMBERED THE PISTOL I ALWAYS CARRIED. COULD IT WIPE OUT A MONSTER'S GHOST?

AM I MAD? IT CAN'T BE... AND YET I MUST DESTROY THAT MONSTER BORN OF MY BLOOD... DARE I GO BACK?

**SLOWLY, STRUGGLING WITH MY FAILING COURAGE,
I CREEPT BACK DOWN THE SLIMY STAIRS...**

THIS GUN'S BULLETS ARE CHARMED... MADE
OF SOLID SILVER AND I ONCE THOUGHT ALL
SUCH STUFF WAS ONLY IGNORANCE AND
SUPERSTITION!



**MONSTER GHOST,
VANISH! BRING
ME A NEW VICTIM!**

**I FADE, I VANISH, I FLY!
I'LL BRING BACK A FRESH
CORPSE!**



**SUDDENLY, THE MONSTER'S GHOST SPIED ME ON
THE STAIRS!**

**LOOK! MY BLOOD-FATHER
AND MY ENEMY! I'LL
CUT OUT HIS HEART!**

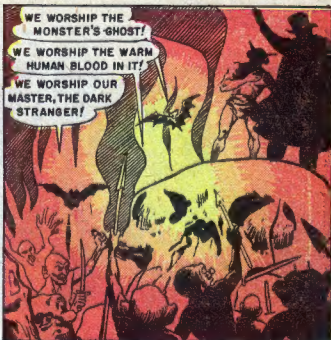
**I'VE GOT TO
SHOOT... GOT TO...**



**WE WORSHIP THE
MONSTER'S-GHOST!**

**WE WORSHIP THE WARM
HUMAN BLOOD IN IT!**

**WE WORSHIP OUR
MASTER, THE DARK
STRANGER!**



**SECONDS LATER, ROARING OUT OF THE AIR, BACK CAME
THE MONSTER'S GHOST...**

**A MISERY! A NICE, JUICY
MISER!**

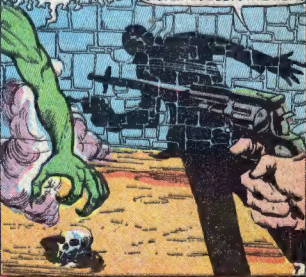
**I'LL MAKE A THOUSAND
MORE MONSTERS' GHOSTS
WITH THEM, I CAN CON-
QUER THE WORLD!**



**AS THE MONSTER'S GHOST CAME FLYING THROUGH
THE AIR AT ME, I PULLED THE TRIGGER!**

AAAAHHH! DEATH

**I HOPE THE CHARMED
SILVER BULLETS... I HOPE**





HOURS LATER I CAME TO, A DEMON'S LAUGHTER RINGING IN MY EARS!

OH!! THERE'S A SWORD IN ME...AND YET I'M ALIVE!

HAHAHA!



HAHAHA! YOU'RE HALF ALIVE AND HALF DEAD. YOU EXIST ONLY BETWEEN WORLDS. NOW HEAR MY CURSE ON UNBELIEVING FOOLS LIKE YOU...



BOTH ALIVE AND DEAD, YOU SHALL ROAM THE EARTH FOR ONE YEAR, TRYING TO CONVINCE PEOPLE THAT WHAT YOU SAW TONIGHT IS TRUE!

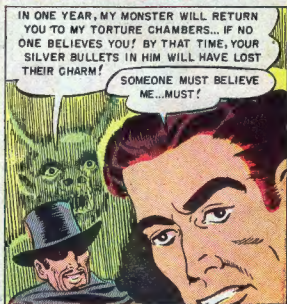
THE SWORD IS FADING! I'VE STOPPED BLEEDING!

BUT NO ONE SEES THE MONSTER'S GHOST ABOVE ME...OR THE SWORD IN MY HEART...



GO AWAY, YOU'RE DRUNK OR CRAZY!

YOU AND YOUR FOOL STORIES!



IN ONE YEAR, MY MONSTER WILL RETURN YOU TO MY TORTURE CHAMBERS... IF NO ONE BELIEVES YOU! BY THAT TIME, YOUR SILVER BULLETS IN HIM WILL HAVE LOST THEIR CHARM!

SOMEONE MUST BELIEVE ME...MUST!



IN ONLY 13 MORE DAYS THE MONSTER'S GHOST WILL CARRY ME BACK TO THE DARK STRANGER! WON'T ANYBODY BELIEVE ME...TRY TO SAVE ME?

IF YOU MEET ME ON THE STREET...EVEN IF YOU DON'T SEE THE MONSTER'S GHOST OR THIS SWORD IN MY HEART... WON'T YOU BELIEVE MY STORY? PLEASE...!!

THE END

THE MOST FABULOUS TREASURES IN THE WORLD... THE LOOT OF A THOUSAND CITIES, BURIED WITH THE BODY OF THE MOST RUTHLESS OF ALL CONQUERORS, *THE GREAT GENGHIS KHAN*, ALL THIS WAS OURS TOGETHER WITH A TATTERED SCROLL WRITTEN IN HUMAN BLOOD... FOR WE HAD FOUND THE LONG LOST...

BOOK OF THE GREY DRAGON

YES-IMAGINE ANYONE BRINGING
"THE DEAD TO LIFE!"

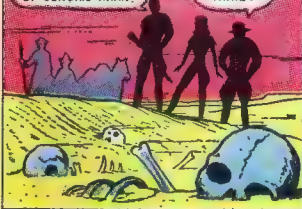
WHAT NONSENSE!"



ON THE Gobi DESERT... A SMALL EXPEDITION
HEADED BY DR. FREDERICK HANSEN, THE FAMOUS
EXPLORER...

"MORE SKULLS"
DO YOU THINK THEY WILL
LEAD US TO THE TOMB
OF GENGHIS KHAN?

YES, STEVE. THESE
WIND STORMS WILL
UNCOVER THE
TRAIL!



BUT UNCLE... THIS WHOLE VALLEY IS FULL OF
SKULLS... WHAT DO THEY HAVE TO DO
WITH FINDING THE TOMB OF
GENGHIS KHAN?



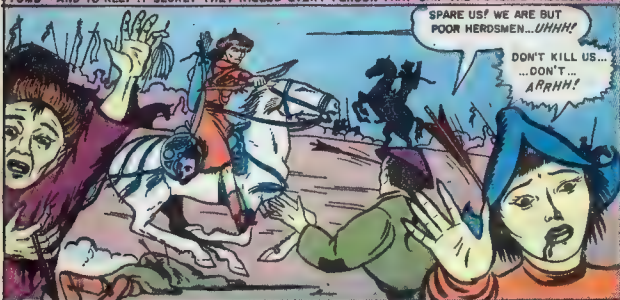
YOU SEE, JUDITH... GENGHIS KHAN WAS THE CRUELEST RULER THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!



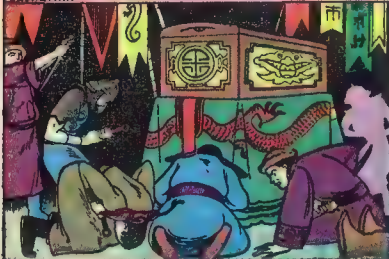
HE CONQUERED MOST OF ASIA AND EASTERN EUROPE, AND HAD MORE POWER THAN ANY MAN WHO EVER LIVED...



...AND WHEN HE DIED IN 1227 HIS FOLLOWERS CARRIED HIS BODY FAR INTO THE DESERT TO A SECRET TOMB-- AND TO KEEP IT SECRET THEY KILLED EVERY PERSON THAT SAW THE FUNERAL PROCESSION...

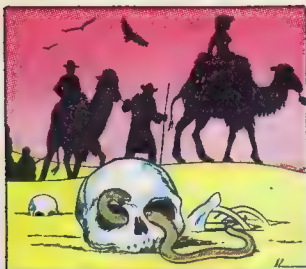


THEY ENTOMBED HIM AMIDST HIS PLUNDERED TREASURES AND THEN KILLED THEMSELVES TO KEEP THE LOCATION FOREVER SECRET....

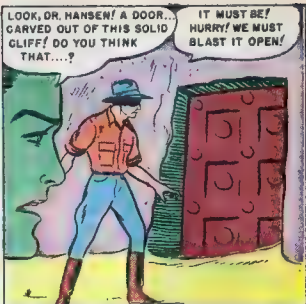


FOR MORE THAN 700 YEARS MANY EXPLORERS HAVE SEARCHED FOR THE TOMB..... NO ONE HAS EVER FOUND IT... FEW HAVE RETURNED ALIVE... BUT THE SKULLS OF HIS VICTIMS MAY LEAD US TO IT.



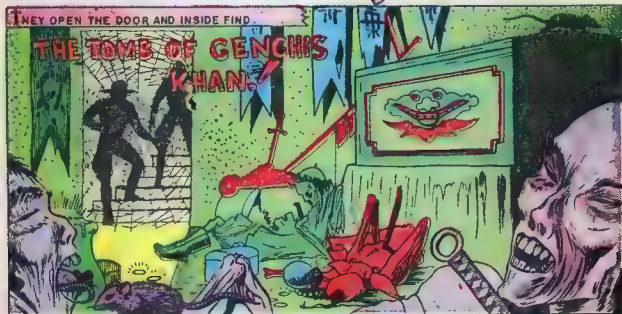


AND SO THE EXPEDITION FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF HUMAN SKULLS UNTIL ONE DAY...

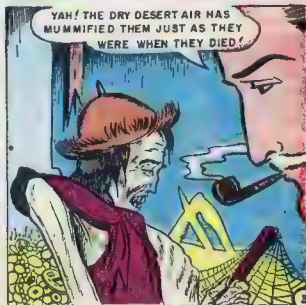


LOOK, DR. HANSEN! A DOOR... CARVED OUT OF THIS SOLID CLIFF! DO YOU THINK THAT....?

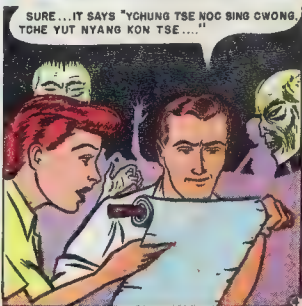
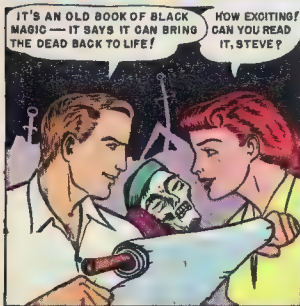
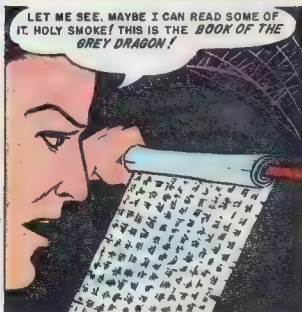
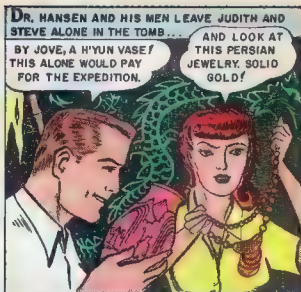
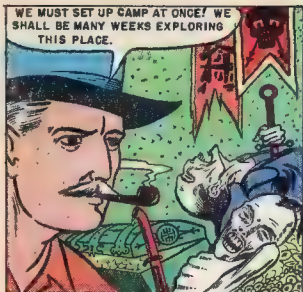
IT MUST BE! HURRY! WE MUST BLAST IT OPEN!



EEEEH! DEAD MEN! HUNDREDS OF THEM!



YAH! THE DRY DESERT AIR HAS MUMMIFIED THEM JUST AS THEY WERE WHEN THEY DIED!



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY...THE HUNDREDS OF LIFELESS BODIES BEGAN TO STIR...

JUMPING JEHOSEPHAT! LOOK! THE NUMMIES...

THEY ARE GOING TO LIFE



SUDDENLY!

STOP! WHO DARES TO
DISTURB THE SLEEP OF
THE GREAT GENGHIS?

RUN, JUDITH! GET HELP!
THEY'VE GOT ME!



THEY'RE ALL BOWING TO
THE KHAN--NOW--NOW'S
MY CHANCE!



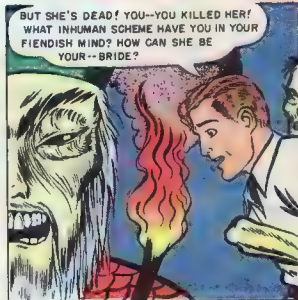
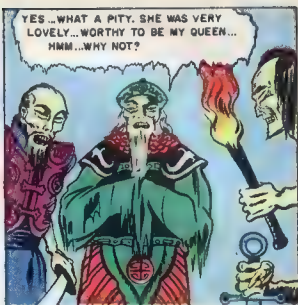
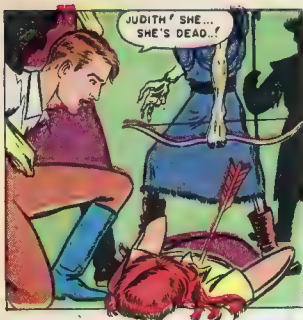
AS JUDITH RAN TO FETCH
DR. HANSEN AND HIS MEN...

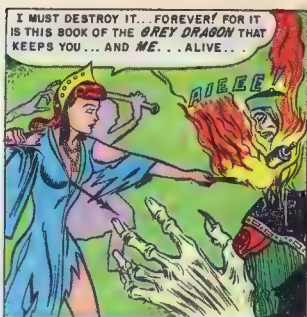
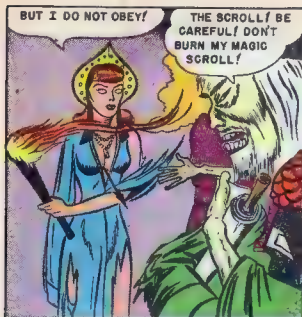


I MUST ESCAPE! I...

ARRHHH!





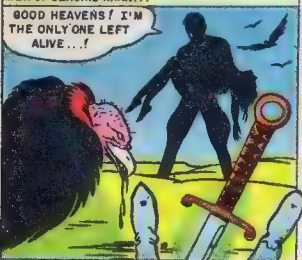


AS THE CURSED SCROLL BURNED TO ASHES, THE LONG DEAD GENGHIS KHAN AND HIS FOLLOWERS AGAIN RETURNED TO THEIR MUMMIFIED STATE.



MONTHS LATER A HAGGARD WHITE MAN WAS FOUND WANDERING IN THE DESERT, BABBLING A STRANGE TALE OF LIVING DEAD AND TREASURE... BUT NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE HIM... WOULD YOU?

STAGGERING OUTSIDE, STEVE FINDS DR. HANSEN AND HIS MEN HAVE ALREADY BEEN SLAIN BY THE MEN OF GENGHIS KHAN...



"HAUNTED HOUSES"

By JESSE MERLAN

ALL OVER America ghosts will walk tonight. In moldy attics, in gusty garrets, in bat-hung basements . . . ghosts will walk. Perhaps they'll walk in your house . . . or float over your neighbor's house. Pale ghosts will tap at the walls, tapping out ghostly messages and threats . . . and ancient hates and revenges. The spirits of the tortured dead will return to horrify the eyes and ears of the frightened living. They always come back, the restless dead.

Are you afraid of ghosts? Admit it, you are. All right, and I'll admit that I'm afraid of ghosts, too. Why shouldn't I be? I've seen one. I've heard one. I've listened to a ghost's ghostly tapping as it went past me in a dark room. While I covered and trembled in my bed, I had the sheets and covers clutched over my ears . . . and my throbbing heart was bursting with the fear of this horrible unknown thing that was returning from a dread world.

It all happened over twenty-two years ago; in an apartment house in Brooklyn where I had rented a room. The old Italian lady who rented me my "furnish room, nice, clean, only \$3 week yes? no?" didn't tell me of the room's ghostly history. She didn't tell me that a boarder had vanished from there only three years before. No, I had to find that out for myself, after a night of horror in the haunted murder chamber.

I went to bed that night, dead tired. The moon was hidden in black clouds, a changing wind made dozens of clicks and noises at the one window. But I slept. I slept until . . . until it came. I'll never forget it, never.

About 3 a.m. I sat bolt upright in bed. Somehow, it was cold in that room, cold. Though it was August and still-hot, day and night. But a deep chill was on the room, on me. And then I heard the SOUNDS.

I thought, "It's a rat . . . dragging a bone. A BIG rat."

But the stealthy raps and the bony taps came nearer, nearer. The room got still-cold, with the cold fear and dread and horror. Then it came through the wall. Right through the wall, and the sounds came with it.

My eyes bulged in my sockets. My breath and my heart stopped. It was a long, thin, pale figure. Its face was red-streaked, in blood. In its chest

still hung a dagger's handle, and the ghost-blood oozed and fell in splashing drops to the floor . . . and disappeared. And the Thing's eyes were full of hate and struggle, the death-struggle look. What were once its hands, now moldy with decay, ended in pale blobs of shapeless, smeared blood, clutching the dagger in its chest and tugging at it. And it groaned, groaned horribly. And it was bound in links of sashweight chain, and the chain made bony, tapping noises as it dragged across the floor. I tried to yell, to empty my lungs, but no voice was in me.

Somehow I got beneath the covers, shut my eyes. I felt the Thing go past me, chilling me as in death. It went around my bed, I heard it fall in the corner, a dead body's thump, and then the groans went on. And I could almost hear the pulse and throb of spilling blood. I think I fainted then, passed out cold.

In the morning my face must have told my landlady the story. She nodded her skinny crane's neck and said, "He come, hah? Always he come. He never rest. That room, this house, is curse . . . bad curse . . . ghost curse!"

Was it only my mind, my imagination? I think not. That house was haunted, I guess it still is. I've never been back.

And in a small town near Pittsburgh I've heard of a lost soul that leaves its house, and walks soundlessly to a church next door. (No, I've never seen this one, but I collect "ghost" stories, tales of haunted houses . . . these things terrify me, but I can't shut my ears to them.) Night after night, through this town's street, this man's ghost-figure wanders from the death bed it once died in, years ago. And the apparition tugs and pulls at the heavy church doors. It always goes to the church. But it can't open the church doors, can't get in to give its soul peace and rest. Many people have seen it, against that church door. For hours it tries to get in, and can't, and then it turns silently and fades back into the deserted house from which it came. And witnesses say it spills heaps of paper money and gold coins . . . and the coins and bills disappear as they fall . . . and then the "ghost" (is it a "ghost"?) dissolves back into the now untenanted house it once lived in. People say it's an old miser, a once-cruel money-lender who drove many of his poverty-starved victims to suicide. Perhaps that money-lender's soul seeks comfort in that holy church. Perhaps it wants to give back

its ill-gotten hoarded wealth to the innocent dead it once robbed. Who knows? But a "ghost" walks, and is barred from salvation, and spills its phantom wealth on the streets, night after night. In a town near Pittsburgh.

And in New Orleans, on a fashionable street, in the center of the richest part of that city, a veiled phantom of a woman goes sobbing softly through the garden about the old house. This female phantom wears the wide-long skirts of 100 years ago, and a veil of gauze-film hides her face. But the racking sobs shake her frail figure, her almost transparent body, and she moans and moans. Everybody on that street has seen her, and they all know her as the Sobbing Lady. What secret sorrow does her ghost still weep over? Some lover, long dead or long-ago murdered? Who knows? But night after night, in bright moon or dark of moon, the Sobbing Lady sobs and sobs and floats and wanders through the house she once lived in. Yes, ghosts walk . . . in New Orleans.

And in San Francisco, near the waterfront, is a crumbling shack, never lived in now, that even the bravest "pooh-pooher" who scoffs at ghosts can't explain. In that shack, even during the bright daytime, voices and whispers are heard and the boards shake under the tread of unseen bodies. And no one has ever spent a whole night there. For at night (not every night, but mostly on nights when there's a storm at sea) then the voices are louder and chairs scrape and thump and the sound of closing doors is heard. Even though there are no chairs there now, and the doors hang unmoving on rusted and sagging hinges. The voices are in Portuguese and Spanish, and people there say it's a whole family of four brothers and their old father. All of them were drowned at sea, in their fishing boat, in a storm, years ago. But the black-green ocean waves give back the restless spirits with every storm, and the moldering shack quivers with their steps and their voices. Do the dead really return? Is it only the wind in this shack, playing tricks on any living listener's ears? Perhaps . . . perhaps . . . but does the wind speak Spanish or Portuguese? And can the wind move chairs that aren't there, slam doors that can't move? Prudent people shun that shack, by day and night. I only walked through it once, and my spine still tingles at the memory of what I heard . . . and didn't see.

In Kansas is a graveyard. Near the graveyard is left only the foundation of what was once a house. But the graveyard attendant there says that on some nights lights shine . . . old-fashioned oil lamps . . . where once the house stood. And from a grave nearby he's seen a white-blue mist rise, and the mist swirls and shapes itself into four figures. A man, a woman, two smaller shapes. Are these two ghost-children? And the four phantoms

go floating to the house foundations, to the soft lights that shouldn't be there, and they walk past and through the lights . . . and then, before dawn, the four fade back into the grass of their family grave. Does that family . . . if it is a family . . . go back to the house it once lived in? Can "ghosts" love a house enough to revisit it, even after death and a grave? Who knows? Who really knows?

In New Mexico, in a roofless adobe house high in the hills, adventurous boys last year found three blackened skulls and many fragile, charred bones. Once three fur-trappers lived there, and the story goes that raiding Indians surprised them and scalped them and burned the bleeding bodies. A native sheep-herder tells me that on certain nights he sees the flames again, and hears shrieks of pain and evil . . . and then the dark and quiet fold back into the ruins. This sheep-herder told me you can still feel fresh blood on the ground around the house, after these "fire-nights". He says the Indians must have dragged their bleeding victims about the house before pitching the corpses back into the blazing inferno . . . long ago. That sheepman may be just telling "ghost-stories", but he says his sheep won't graze the thick grass near the house. Do even sheep "see" and "feel" ghosts? Who can tell . . . for certain? Nothing is certain in life . . . and death is stranger and more terrible than what we call "truth".

In the lake country in Florida they tell of a deserted orange plantation . . . with a mansion that is falling apart in decay. And they say that on one night every year . . . New Year's eve . . . the house looks firm and real and solid and perfect. And that the sound of violins is heard, and an old piano again tinkles music through the night. And watchers have seen a pair of pale figures . . . a man and a woman . . . dancing. Seen them dancing, seen them through the windows. And then the whole scene fades and ruin and decay and the cold feel of death and desolation come back, just as the new year begins. On the stroke of midnight.

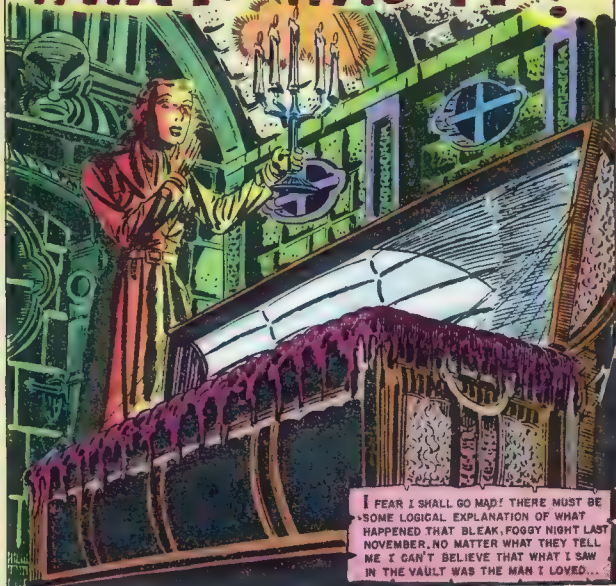
Are all these . . . just stories? Perhaps . . . perhaps. But maybe "ghosts" walk and dance and yell and moan . . . over and over again . . . where once they lived and loved and died.

Yes, I believe (You don't have to), I believe that "ghosts" walk . . . all over America.

Editor's Note: No names have been used, except in the one incident about the author's house (the haunted "rented room" in Brooklyn). For those of you who doubt, a letter (and return postal) to the author, care of this magazine, will bring further details about . . . Haunted Houses.

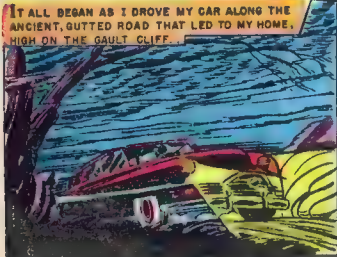
The End

WHAT WAS IT?



I FEAR I SHALL GO MAD! THERE MUST BE SOME LOGICAL EXPLANATION OF WHAT HAPPENED THAT BLEAK, FOGGY NIGHT LAST NOVEMBER. NO MATTER WHAT THEY TELL ME I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WHAT I SAW IN THE VAULT WAS THE MAN I LOVED...

IT ALL BEGAN AS I DROVE MY CAR ALONG THE ANCIENT, GUTTED ROAD THAT LED TO MY HOME, HIGH ON THE GAULT CLIFF.



SOON I'LL BE ACROSS THE BRIDGE AND THEN... HOME. IT WILL BE GOOD TO GET BACK AFTER ALL THESE WEEKS... PERHAPS THERE WILL BE A LETTER FROM JIM AT LAST!



WHY HASN'T HE WRITTEN? WHEN HE FIRST LANDED IN KOREA I HEARD REGULARLY AND THEN... THEN NOTHING... WHAT CAN BE WRONG?



THE FIGURE STOPPED AND LOOKED IN AT THE CAR WINDOW. WITH A JOLT, I SAW THAT IT WAS JIM!

JIM! IT'S REALLY YOU! YOU'RE BACK!

YES, JANE... I'M BACK...



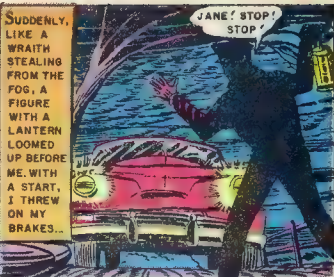
I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED, BUT HERE YOU ARE! HOME. OH, JIM, I'VE MISSED YOU SO TERRIBLY.

I'VE MISSED YOU TOO, JANE...



SUDDENLY, LIKE A WRAITH STEALING FROM THE FOG, A FIGURE WITH A LANTERN LOOMED UP BEFORE ME. WITH A START, I THREW ON MY BRAKES...

JANE! STOP! STOP!



I CAME TO WARN YOU! THE BRIDGE TO GAULT CLIFF IS WASHED OUT.

BUT... BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS COMING? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



YOU HAD BETTER LEAVE YOUR CAR HERE. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME BY THE GULLY ROAD.

ALL RIGHT, DARLING. IT WILL GIVE US A CHANCE TO GET ACQUAINTED AGAIN



AS WE MADE OUR WAY THROUGH THE GHOSTLY MIST I HAD A FEELING THAT JIM HAD CHANGED. NOW, I DIDN'T EXACTLY KNOW... WHEN I DIDN'T HEAR FROM YOU I WAS AFRAID THAT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO YOU.

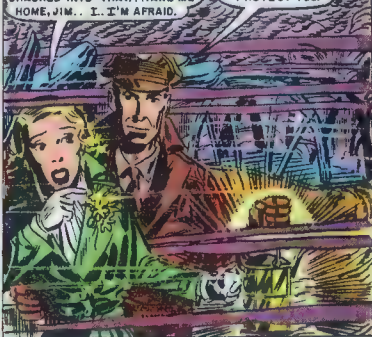
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG NOW, JANE.



AT THE BRIDGE WE PAUSED A MOMENT AND I HAD A TERRIBLE FEELING OF DOOM THAT SURROUNDED US... A FEELING OF THE PRESENCE OF DEATH...

OH! TO THINK THAT I ALMOST CRASHED INTO THAT... TAKE ME HOME, JIM... I... I'M AFRAID.

DON'T FEAR. I WILL ALWAYS BE HERE TO PROTECT YOU.



THEN YOU'RE HOME FOR GOOD? JIM, THAT'S WONDERFUL!

YES, JANE. I'M HOME FOR GOOD.



FINALLY WE REACHED THE HOUSE AND AS I TURNED TO JIM, ONCE AGAIN I HAD A STRANGE FEELING OF DEATH SURROUNDING ME...

IT... IT'S FRIGHTENING OUT HERE. THE FOG, THE ATMOSPHERE... SOMETHING. COME INSIDE, JIM.

NO. IT IS TIME FOR ME TO RETURN.



BEFORE I LEAVE WILL YOU GIVE ME THOSE FLOWERS YOU HAVE ON?

WHY, OF COURSE. YOU'RE WELCOME TO THEM. THAT'S THE FIRST ROMANTIC THING YOU'VE SAID TONIGHT.



HERE, JIM. DON'T I GET A GOOD-NIGHT KISS FOR THEM?

OF COURSE, JANE...



AS HE TOOK ME IN HIS ARMS AND PRESSED HIS LIPS TO MINE, ICY FINGERS OF FEAR SEEMED TO POSSESS ME...

OHNNHHH!!



YOU...YOU'RE SO COLD! I...I'VE GOT TO GO NOW, JIM.

IT MUST BE THE FOG AND THE CHILLY NIGHT AIR... GOODBYE... JANE.



HOW STRANGELY HE ACTED. PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE HE'S BEEN AWAY SO LONG. I'LL GO OVER AND SEE HIS FOLKS IN THE MORNING. THEY'LL TELL ME IF ANYTHING IS WRONG.



SUDDENLY THE TERRIFIC BEDLAM AROUND ME ROSE TO A SHRIEK AS THE SOLDIERS CLOSED IN ON JIM TO KILL HIM...

THAT NIGHT I COULDN'T SLEEP. EVERY TIME I DOZED OFF I HAD FRIGHTENING NIGHTMARES AS I KEPT SEEING JIM DRAGGED OFF BY GROTESQUE, GHOULISH SOLDIERS OF THE KOREAN ARMY. I COULDN'T MOVE A FINGER TO HELP HIM.

NO! LET HIM ALONE!

YOU MUSTN'T HURT HIM, DON'T TAKE HIM! NO! NO!

HAAA!
HAAAA!
HAAAAA!



JIM!
JIM!!

HAAAAA!



WHEN THEY FINISHED HIM OFF, THEIR GARGOYLE FACES MASKS OF CRUELTY. I FELT AS THOUGH MY BRAIN WOULD SNAP, BUT THERE WAS NO RELEASE...

KILL HIM!
KILL HIM!
HAAAAA!!

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY
LONGER!... I CAN'T STAND IT.

JANE... I'LL BE
BACK... UNHHH!

KILL HIM!
HAAAAA!!
HAAAAA!!

SUDDENLY THEY VANISHED AND I
FOUND MYSELF SITTING UP IN BED
SCREAMING...

EEEEEE! OH,
IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!... BUT IT WAS
SO REAL! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE
EXCITEMENT OF HAVING JIM BACK...
THE RELEASE FROM WORRY.

THE NEXT MORNING I WENT OVER TO JIM'S HOUSE...

WHY, JANE DEAR,
YOU'RE BACK FROM
YOUR TRIP.

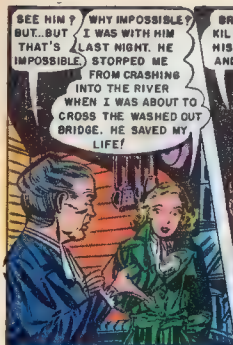
YES. I HAD A FINE TIME. THE
ONLY THING THAT MARRED IT
WAS NOT HEARING FROM JIM.
BUT THAT'S ALL OVER NOW.

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?

WELL, NOW THAT HE'S HOME,
I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY
ANYMORE.

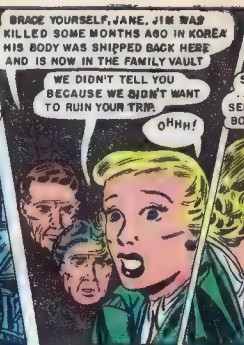
JANE? HOW
COULD YOU?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
IS SOMETHING WRONG?
WHERE'S JIM? I WANT
TO SEE HIM!



SEE HIM?
BUT... BUT
THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE.

WHY IMPOSSIBLE?
I WAS WITH HIM
LAST NIGHT. HE
STORPED ME
FROM CRASHING
INTO THE RIVER
WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO
CROSS THE WASHED OUT
BRIDGE. HE SAVED MY
LIFE!



BRACE YOURSELF, JANE, JIM WAS
KILLED SOME MONTHS AGO IN KOREA
HIS BODY WAS SHIPPED BACK HERE
AND IS NOW IN THE FAMILY VAULT

WE DIDN'T TELL YOU
BECAUSE WE DIDN'T WANT
TO RUIN YOUR TRIP.

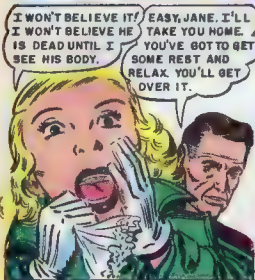
OH!!



MY SENSES REELED. I
COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. I KNEW
JIM WASN'T DEAD...

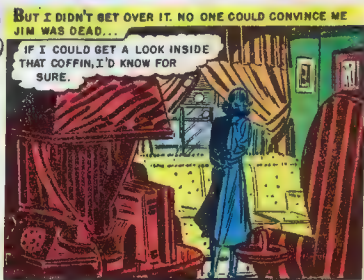
BUT I SAW HIM! I KNOW I
SAW HIM... HE'S ALIVE! MAYBE
... MAYBE THE BODY THE ARMY
SENT HOME BELONGED TO SOME-
BODY ELSE.

THAT'S PRE-
POSTEROUS!!



I WON'T BELIEVE IT!
I WON'T BELIEVE HE
IS DEAD UNTIL I
SEE HIS BODY.

EASY, JANE. I'LL
TAKE YOU HOME.
YOU'VE GOT TO GET
SOME REST AND
RELAX. YOU'LL GET
OVER IT.



BUT I DIDN'T GET OVER IT. NO ONE COULD CONVINCE ME
JIM WAS DEAD...

IF I COULD GET A LOOK INSIDE
THAT COFFIN, I'D KNOW FOR
SURE.

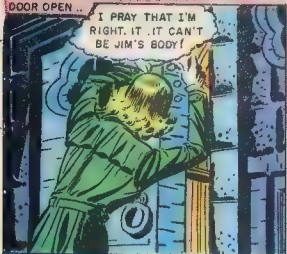
A FEW
MINUTES
LATER I
WAS AT
THE CEME-
TERY. WITH
A SHUDDER
OF FEAR
I PUSHED
OPEN ITS
CRUMBLING
GATE...

I MUST KNOW! THIS IS THE ONLY WAY... THERE'S
THE CAMERON VAULT. I'LL SOON KNOW WHETHER
IT'S JIM INSIDE THERE OR NOT!



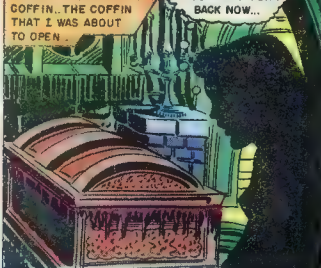
BEFORE THE MAUSOLEUM I STOOD FOR A LONG, DREAD MOMENT. THEN I PUSHED THE DOOR OPEN...

I PRAY THAT I'M RIGHT. IT CAN'T BE JIM'S BODY!



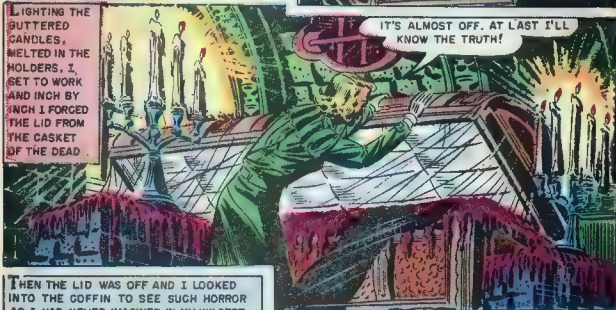
INSIDE, ON A GREAT STONE TABLE WAS THE GOFFIN... THE GOFFIN THAT I WAS ABOUT TO OPEN...

I'VE GOT TO DO IT! I... I CAN'T TURN BACK NOW...



LIGHTING THE BUTTERED CANDLES, MELTED IN THE HOLDERS, I SET TO WORK AND INCH BY INCH I FORGED THE LID FROM THE CASKET OF THE DEAD.

IT'S ALMOST OFF. AT LAST I'LL KNOW THE TRUTH!



THEN THE LID WAS OFF AND I LOOKED INTO THE GOFFIN TO SEE SUCH HORROR AS I HAD NEVER IMAGINED IN MY WILDEST DREAMS...

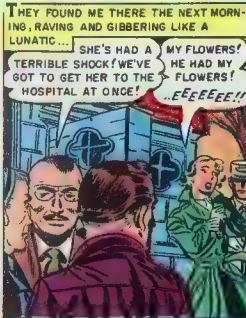
MY FLOWERS! HE'S HOLDING MY FLOWERS! EEEEEEE!



THEY FOUND ME THERE THE NEXT MORNING, RAVING AND GIBBERING LIKE A LUNATIC...

SHE'S HAD A TERRIBLE SHOCK! WE'VE GOT TO GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL AT ONCE!

MY FLOWERS! HE HAD MY FLOWERS! EEEEEEE!!



IT TOOK ME SIX MONTHS TO GET WELL, BUT EVEN TODAY MY MIND TOTTERS WHEN I THINK OF THE AWFUL UNBELIEVABLE HORROR IN THE GOFFIN--THAT THING IN THE VAULT! WAS IT... JIM???



WHAT WAS THE TERRIBLE THING THAT LAY IN THE CRYPT WITHIN THE GRAVEYARD OF THE DEAD? WHO WAS THE FIENDISH MONSTER THAT TERRORIZED A CITY? READ THE ANSWERS--IF YOU DARE-- IN ONE OF THE MOST FEARFUL STORIES OF ALL TIME-- OF THE HORROR AND DREAD THAT RESULTS WHEN YOU ARE FACED WITH..

VAMPIRE FANGS



BILL SWANEY WAS NOT JUST AN AVERAGE REPORTER... HE COULD SENSE AN UNUSUAL STORY! THAT IS WHY HE MET HIS FRIEND, ET JIM HOLDEN OF HOMICIDE ONE NIGHT..

ANOTHER VICTIM?

I'M AFRAID SO, BILL!



THE FOURTH ONE THIS MONTH! AND IN NONE OF THESE CASES CAN WE FIND A MOTIVE... NOT EVEN A SINGLE CLUE!

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?



THAT'S JUST IT-- I DON'T KNOW! ALL THE WINDOWS AND DOORS WERE LOCKED! NO ONE COULD HAVE GOTTEN INSIDE... YET--THIS FELLOW IS DEAD! AND THE MARKS HE HAS ON HIM ARE TWO TINY HOLES IN THE NECK!

VAMPIRE MARKS? NO... THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE

BILL LISTENED TO ALL THE GRUESOME DETAILS.... THEN HE ACCOMPANIED JIM HOLDEN ON HIS ROUND OF INVESTIGATIONS. AMONG THE LAST WITNESSES WAS LAWRENCE ORLOFF, THE IMPORTER...

YES...I HEARD THE SCREAM FROM MY APARTMENT-- AND FROM WHAT YOU HAVE TOLD ME, GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE WORK OF-- A VAMPIRE!

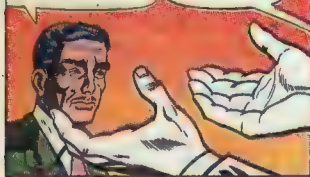
WHAT?

WHERE I COME FROM-- TRANSYLVANIA--THESE THINGS ARE KNOWN! DOES ANY MAN DIE FROM TWO SMALL PIN PRICKS? NO, GENTLEMEN... YOU ARE DEALING WITH A MONSTER!

BUT THIS IS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, MAN! WE'RE NOT SUPERSTITIOUS PEASANTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES! VAMPIRES JUST DON'T EXIST!

...THERE ARE MANY VAMPIRES... WHO RETURN TO THE WORLD AT NIGHT TO DRINK THE BLOOD THEY NEED TO KEEP THEM ALIVE!

BOSH! WE ALL KNOW THE STORIES THAT ARE TOLD... BUT NO INTELLIGENT PERSON BELIEVES IN THEM.



"THEN HEAR MY STORY... I WAS A YOUNG LAD IN MY OWN NATIVE COUNTRY, WHEN I CAME ACROSS MY FIRST VAMPIRE! IT WAS LATE AT NIGHT..."



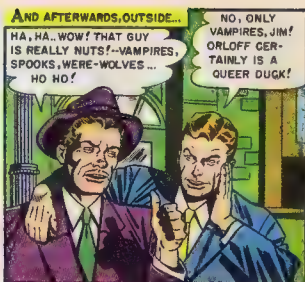
I HURRIED OVER TO THE MAN'S SIDE. HE WAS DEAD! AND ON HIS NECK WERE...

...TWO TINY HOLES! SUCH THINGS CAN'T BE! I--I'LL CALL THE POLICE...





THEY INVESTIGATED AND FOUND THE GRAVE OF THE FIEND--DROVE A WOODEN STAKE THROUGH IT, AND FREED US FROM ITS CURSE FOREVER! IS IT SO FANTASTIC THAT A VAMPIRE CANNOT ROAM HERE --IN AMERICA-- IN THIS CITY?



AND AFTERWARDS, OUTSIDE...
HA, HA... WOW! THAT GUY IS REALLY NUTS! --VAMPIRES, SPOOKS, WERE-WOLVES...
HO HO!

NO, ONLY VAMPIRES, JIM! ORLOFF CERTAINLY IS A QUEER DUCK!

LATER THAT NIGHT, BILL LAUGHINGLY REPEATED EVERYTHING TO SUSAN GOLINS, HIS FIANCEE AND CO-REPORTER...

--BUT DEAR... THIS LAWRENCE ORLOFF IS SUPPOSED TO BE A DIGNIFIED IMPORTER... WOULD HE JOKE ABOUT SUCH A HORRIBLE THING?

NO, SUSAN! THE GUY WAS SHAKEN UP BY THE DEATH AND BASED ALL HIS CONVICTIONS ON A CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCE OF HOMICIDE THAT PLAYED ON A TOO-VIVID IMAGINATION IN THE FIRST PLACE!



THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! HE HAD TO SEE ORLOFF AGAIN! SOME MINUTES LATER, BILL STOOD FACING THE IMPORTER IN THE LATTER'S APARTMENT...

WHY DID YOU COME TO ME, TONIGHT? LAST NIGHT YOU THOUGHT I WAS INSANE!

TONIGHT THERE WAS ANOTHER VICTIM... SAME NECK MARKS! TELL ME MORE ABOUT VAMPIRES, MR. ORLOFF.



THAT VERY NEXT NIGHT, ANOTHER BODY WAS FOUND!

I'M GOING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS WITH JIM, DEAR... I WANT TO CHECK A LEAD!

COULD ORLOFF HAVE BEEN RIGHT? IS THERE SUCH A THING AS A VAMPIRE?
HUM? OH, OKAY, SUSAN --SEE YOU LATER...



GOOD! I KNOW HOW WE CAN DESTROY THIS VAMPIRE! TOMORROW NIGHT WE WILL WAIT FOR HIM IN THE MOST LOGICAL PLACE IN THIS AREA-- THE GRAVEYARD A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE!

THAT'S RIGHT! A VAMPIRE WOULDN'T STRAY TOO FAR FROM HIS COFFIN...

AND AS ORLOFF CONTINUED OUTLINING HIS PLAN, BILL BECAME MORE AND MORE UNCOMFORTABLE! SOMETHING WAS WRONG--**HORRIBLY WRONG!**

UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT THEN!

YES! BLOOD STAINS ON HIS SUIT.. THOSE ABNORMALLY LONG FINGERNAILS...!

IT WAS A VERY SERIOUS BILL SWANEY WHO SAW SUSAN A HALF-HOUR LATER AT A LOCAL RESTAURANT...

TELL ME I'M LOONEY TOO, HONEY--BUT SO HELP ME...I GOT GOOSE-PIMPLES WATCHING ORLOFF'S FACE WHEN HE OUTLINED HIS PLAN!

I'D BE JUST AS PETRIFIED AFTER WHAT YOU TOLD ME!

BILL--I'M COMING ALONG TOMORROW NIGHT! IT MAY BE NONSENSE-- THEN AGAIN--IT MAY NOT! AT ANY RATE, I'LL BRING A WOODEN STAKE WITH ME!

ALL RIGHT! BUT KEEP IN THE SHADOWS... AND **BE CAREFUL!!**

THAT NEXT NIGHT...

WE'RE NEAR THE GRAVEYARD NOW! WHAT NEXT?

PATIENCE! WE HAVE JUST BEGUN!

ORLOFF--I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT THIS IS JUST A WILD GOOSE-CHASE!

WE CAN'T GIVE UP NOW! THIS FIEND MUST BE STOPPED! WAIT UNTIL THE MOON CLEARS THOSE CLOUDS-- MAYBE THEN...

THEY TAKE UP THEIR VIGIL BEHIND A LARGE CRYPT INSIDE THE GRAVEYARD. BILL IS TENSE! FOR THE TENTH TIME HE TURNS AROUND TO GLANCE OVER HIS SHOULDER AT ORLOFF AND SEES...



YOU...YOU'RE CHANGING!

YES MY FOOLISH FRIEND I AM THE VAMPIRE!!



GET BACK! DON'T TOUCH ME!!

BILL TRIED DESPERATELY TO FREE HIMSELF... TO FIGHT HIS WAY OUT OF THAT STRANGLING GRASP! IT WAS NO USE! FLESH AND BLOOD COULDN'T STAND UP AGAINST THE FRIGHTFUL MENACE OF DEATH...

SUSAN...QUICK! I CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER... THE STAKE...USE THE STAKE!



THE NAMELESS HORROR WHICH CALLED ITSELF ORLOFF WAS DESTROYED FOREVER...

IS...IS IT?

YES...IT'S STARTING TO DECOMPOSE! WE'LL BURY IT IN THE CRYPT!



LATER AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS 7161

IT'S TRUE I TELL YOU-- I BURIED THE BODY WITH MY OWN HANDS!

IF ANYONE ELSE GAVE ME SUCH A STORY, I'D THROW THEM OUT! ALL RIGHT, TAKE ME THERE... I WANT TO SEE THIS FOR MYSELF!



ONCE AGAIN,
BILL AND
NURAH
FOUND
THEMSELVES
BACK IN
THE CRYPT...



GOOD LORD! THERE'S
ORLOFF'S RING ON ITS
FINGER! WE HAVE
TO KEEP THIS A
SECRET, BILL! IT...
IT'S TOO FANTASTIC!

L-LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE!
I CAN'T STAND
THIS ANYMORE!



YOU'RE RIGHT! LET THE
DEAD TAKE CARE OF
ITS OWN! BESIDES--
IT'S NEARLY
MORNING!

THIS IS ONE STORY NEITHER
OF YOU WILL SEND INTO
THE EDITOR!

DON'T WORRY! I
JUST WANT BILL TO
TAKE ME HOME--
NOW!!

TWO WEEKS PASSED BY... THEN--ONE NIGHT ON A ROUTINE
CALL WITH THE POLICE...

THE SAME PATTERN... THE SAME MARKS...
OH, NO-- IT CAN'T BE!

I FOUND
THE BODY
LIKE THIS,
SIR...



STEADY, DARLING!
ORLOFF HAS SOMEHOW
RETURNED TO LIFE! WE
HAVE TO SEE TO IT
THAT HE STAYS DEAD
THIS TIME! WILL YOU
HELP ME AGAIN?

OF COURSE!
B-BUT I STILL
CAN'T HELP
BEING AFRAID!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE ANY
MORE CHANCES! I'M GOING TO TELL
THE AUTHORITIES--
IT MAY TAKE A LITTLE
WHILE TO CONVINCE
THEM... BUT AT
LEAST I WON'T
RUN THE RISK OF
HAVING TWO MORE
PEOPLE KILLED!

A
SHORT
TIME
LATER
IN THE
HALLWAY...

JIM'S A FOOL TO
THINK OTHERS WILL
BELIEVE HIM. NO--
WE MUST DO IT TO-
MORROW NIGHT--
AND ALONE!

THIS TIME...
WE'LL USE
SILVER
BULLETS!



SO, IN THE WEE HOURS AFTER MID-NIGHT, TWO MUFFLED FIGURES WORKED RAPIDLY IN THE STILLNESS OF THE GRAVE-YARD...

DO...DO YOU SEE ANYTHING?

NOT YET... THE LID IS STUCK! HAND ME THAT CROWBAR!



WITH A SHOVE, BILL FORCED OPEN THE LID!

ORLOFF? HE'S STILL HERE? THEN IT'S NOT ME! BUT I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



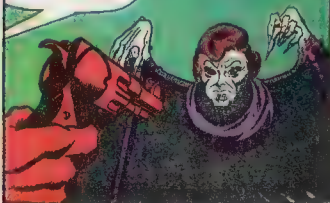
SUSAN-- YOU!!

YES--ME! ORLOFF WAS COMPETING WITH ME--HE WAS TOO SUCCESSFUL TO LIVE!



NOW I KNOW WHY YOU ALWAYS HURRIED HOME BEFORE DAWN... WHY YOU NEVER ANSWERED ANY PHONE CALLS DURING THE DAY!

IT'S NO USE! THERE ARE NO SILVER BULLETS IN YOUR GUN... I SAW TO THAT!



HIS GUN MAY NOT HAVE SILVER BULLETS--BUT MINE HAS!

JIM!!



SUSAN--I LOVED HER! NOW...S-SHE'S DEAD!!

I THINK THE REAL SUSAN WOULD HAVE WANTED IT THIS WAY! I LISTENED TO YOU IN THE HALLWAY LAST NIGHT... LUCKY I TAGGED ALONG... SHE WOULD HAVE KILLED AND KILLED! I WONDER HOW MANY OTHERS OF HER KIND STILL ROAM THE WORLD--! I WONDER!



AND SLOWLY THEY MADE THEIR WAY OUT OF THAT HORRIBLE CRYPT-- LEAVING THE DEAD WITH THE DEAD...!

THE END

New Invention POCKET ADDING MACHINE

Dials LIKE A PHONE

**NOTHING
TO LEARN**

Just Dial

Now anyone can add and subtract up to a million in split seconds. Just dial like a phone and presto, chango, there's your accurate answer. What every business man, clerk, housewife, student, etc., needs for fast, accurate, calculation and subtraction. It's easy to carry in side pocket or purse. It's flat like a ruler. Easy to read numbers. As fast as you dial, you have your answers. No moving parts to get out of order. Nothing to learn. Start using it right away.

EASY TO CARRY

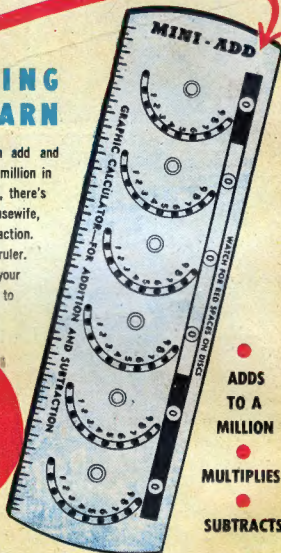
A MIDGET IN SIZE . . . A GIANT IN PERFORMANCE

Only 8½" long. As thin as a quarter. Easily and conveniently fits in any pocket or purse. Ever ready and handy for fast accurate calculation.

Guaranteed

You must be 100% pleased
in 10 days or money back.

**ONLY
\$1.00
complete**



**ADDS
TO A
MILLION
MULTIPLIES
SUBTRACTS**

FEATURES

- Dials your Answer
- Fast—Accurate
- Fits Large Numbers
- Fits in Pocket or Purse
- Size 8½ inches long
- 2½ inches wide
- Flat Like a Ruler
- Durable
- Made in U.S.A.
- No Moving Parts
- Easy to Use
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- Adds and Subtracts to a Million
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Order your Mini-Add at our risk. Use it 10 days. If not delighted, return for refund. Send \$1 now. No C.O.D.'s. We pay postage.

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Send by return mail newly invented MINI-ADD on 10-day guarantee.

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Street

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Only two to a customer at this introductory price.

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT

WHERE
IT
SHOWS
MOST

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE BODY
WITH

SPOT REDUCER: KEEP SLIM



UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED

AT HOME WITH RELAXING, SOOTHING MASSAGE!

**ELECTRIC
Spot
Reducer**



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

TAKE OFF UGLY FAT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY without risking HEALTH

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away

waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL HOUSE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON NOW!

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

**SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. E-492
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey**

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1, upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name

Address

City State

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CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



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OR NO CHARGE**

USED BY EXPERTS:

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ORDER IT TODAY!

New Figure Mold Hide-A-Waist



HIDE-A-WAIST
Back View

Features GALORE

17 Sectional Features... Streamline your Waist-line... Adjustable to fit exactly... Washable-made, of Leno Lastex, satin faced rayon... Reinforced for long wear. Fully guaranteed. It's lightweight. Weighs about 3 ounces. It's cool—ventilated. Cut for concave effect. Will not wrinkle or ride up. Sizes 24 to 40.

17 Sensational Features Streamline Your Waist - Hide Bulges

Say "good-bye" to that bulge and clumsy waistline... AND... instead enjoy what you need most for your figure with HIDE-A-WAIST. Wear it and presto-change—like magic you have graceful alluring curves. The unwanted bulge is evenly and comfortably banished. There are 17 sectional features that effect flattering curves. Keeps you smoothly shapely no matter what angle... sit, bend, stand or walk with comfortable, even grace. The secret of glamorous, stylish, women is to look graceful and alluring with a thinned waist line.

Adjustable to TAILOR MADE FIT

The adjustable features of HIDE-A-WAIST allow you to get the custom fit perfection, comfort and attractiveness of a tailor fit. It's practically made to order for your figure. Given to mold and posture. The 17 sections automatically mold your figure. You get the support you need with unbelievable comfort. You'll delight with what it does for you. The specially designed concave effect is a feature of note because it permits HIDE-A-WAIST to adapt itself to your own diaphragm. You've never seen anything like it. You've never enjoyed so much freedom, comfort and style in anything else you've worn. The four extra-length detachable garters complete HIDE-A-WAIST. Comfortable too, without garters.

BEAUTIFUL IN YOUR HAND EXQUISITE ON YOUR FORM

You'll marvel at the value and beauty when you see your new HIDE-A-WAIST... BUT... when you put it on and see your new self, you'll be the happiest girl in the world. You'll look as thin and graceful as a sixteen-year-old nymph. Ladies, to look smart—be smart and order your HIDE-A-WAIST now. It's new and you must be 100% delighted or we refund. money. Comes in sizes up to 40. The introductory price is indeed a bargain. Sizes up to 34 only \$2.98, \$5.00 extra for the four extra-length detachable adjustable garters.



You will look charmingly chic in your new Hide-A-Waist. Your stylish waistline will add new glamour to your favorite frock... you will walk with an "air" of satisfaction and poise.

ONLY

\$2.98

ALL

2 for \$5.85
3 for \$8.95

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

NOTE Fashion has emphasized the streamline waist. Be up to the minute when you parade your pretty self... order your HIDE-A-WAIST now! Send direct to us for your HIDE-A-WAIST today. Wear

it 10 days FREE and, if not delighted, return for refund. Act at once, while this introductory offer is open. Just fill in coupon and drop it in the mail. We ship C.O.D. plus postage. But hurry coupon.

S. J. WEGMAN CO., INC. Dept. 1404
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my new HIDE-A-WAIST three-in-one at once. If I am not thrillingly satisfied I will return it after 10-day FREE trial for prompt refund of full purchase price. Size..... (waist size in inches)

Also send..... sets of extra length detachable adjustable garters at 50c for set of four.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.98 on delivery plus few cents postage.

☐ I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage.

NAME.....

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NOTE: SAVE BY ORDERING 2 FOR \$5.85

MAIL COUPON NOW

DARK MYSTERIES

2

AUG-SEPT. 1951

COVER WOOD & ORLANDO°

THE MONSTER'S GHOST ORLANDO

8

BOOK OF THE GRAY DRAGON CAMERON*

7

HAUNTED HOUSES by JESSE MALLAN^W TEXT

2

WHAT WAS IT? BILL MOLNO° & ?

7

VAMPIRE FANGS GOLDFARB* & BAER*

7